Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,
And let the ſoule forth that adoreth thee:
I laſe it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, do not pawſe, twas I that kilde your husband,
But twas thy beautie that prouoked me:
Nay now diſpatch; twas I that kild King Henry;
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on: *Here ſhe lets fall*
Take vp the ſword againe or take vp me. *the ſword.*
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will do it.
La. I haue alreadie.
Glo. Tuſh that was in thy rage.
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths thou ſhalt be acceſſarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer was man true.
La. Well, well, put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I ſhall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poore heart.
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore ſuppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe for euer:
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes,
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner.

And preſently repaire to Crosbie place.
Where after I haue ſolemnely interred
At Chertſie monaſtery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
Grant me this boone.
La. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Treſſill and Barkley go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell already. *Exit.*
Glo. Sirs take vp the corſe.
Ser. Towards Chertſie noble Lord?
Glo. No, to white Friers; there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humour woed? *Exeunt, manet*
Was euer woman in this humor wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What! I that kild her husband and his father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt heate:
With curſes in her mouth, teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of her hatred by,
Hauing God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me
And I nothing to backe my ſuit at all,
But the plaine Diuell and diſſembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah?
Hath ſhe forgot alreadie that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord, whom I ſome three moneths ſince
Stabd in my angrie moode at Tewxbury?
A ſweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature;
Yong, valiant, wiſe, and no doubt right royall,
The ſpacious world cannot againe affeord.
And will ſhee yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a wofull bed?